

# The Albany Register.

VOL. I.

ALBANY, OREGON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1868.

NO. 14.

## The Albany Register.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY  
COLLINS VAN CLEVE.

OFFICE OF CORNER OF FERRY AND FIRST-STS.,  
OPPOSITE W. W. PARRISH & CO.'S STORE.

### TERMS—IN ADVANCE.

One Year.....Three Dollars  
Six Months.....Two Dollars  
Single Copies.....Ten Cents

### ADVERTISING RATES.

One Column, per Year, \$100; Half Column,  
\$50; Quarter Column, \$25.  
Transient advertisements per Square of ten  
lines or less, first insertion, \$5; each subsequent  
insertion, \$1.

### BUSINESS CARDS.

#### ALBANY BATH HOUSE.

THE UNDERSIGNED WOULD RESPECT-  
fully inform the citizens of Albany and vic-  
inity that he has taken charge of this establish-  
ment, and, by keeping clean rooms and paying  
strict attention to his business, expects to suit all  
those who may favor him with their patronage.  
Having his residence carried on nothing but  
First-Class Hair Dressing Saloons,  
he expects to give entire satisfaction to all.  
Children and Ladies' hair neatly cut and  
stamped.  
JOSEPH WEBBER,  
sept12y2

#### GEO. W. GRAY, D. D. S.

GRADUATE OF THE CINCINNATI DEN-  
tal College, would invite all persons desiring  
artificial teeth, and first-class dental operations,  
to give him a call.  
Specimens of Vulcanite Base with gold-plate  
fillings, and other new style of work may be  
seen at his office in P. Parrish & Co.'s brick, (up  
stairs) Albany, Oregon.  
Residence—Corner Second and Baker sts. 2

#### D. B. RICE, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,  
ALBANY, OREGON.

OFFICE—ON SOUTH SIDE OF MAIN  
STREET,  
Albany, September 12, 1868-2-f

#### E. F. Russell,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,  
Office in Broadway and Keokuk Apts.  
—Will practice in the Courts of the Second, Third,  
and Fourth Judicial Districts, and in the Supreme  
Court of Oregon.  
Office in Parrish's Block, second story, third  
door west of Ferry, north side of F. & S. Sts.  
Special attention given to the collection of  
Claims at all places in the above named Districts.

J. C. POWELL, L. FEINK,  
Powell & Feink,  
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW  
AND SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,  
(L. Feink, Notary Public.)  
Albany, Oregon. Collections and conveyances  
promptly attended to.

W. J. HARRIS, F. M. REDFIELD,  
Harris & Co.,  
DEALERS IN GROCERIES AND PRO-  
visions, Wine and Willow War, Confection-  
ery, Tobacco, Cigars, Pipes, Notions, etc.  
Main street, adjoining the Express office, Albany,  
Oregon.

W. W. PARRISH & CO.,  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS  
in General Merchandise, Albany. The  
best goods at the lowest market prices. Mer-  
chantable Produce taken in exchange.

E. A. Freeman,  
DEALER IN EVERY DESCRIPTION OF  
School, Miscellaneous and Blank Books,  
Stationery, Gold and Silver Pens, Ink, etc. Post-  
office Building, Albany, Oregon. Books ordered  
from New York and San Francisco.

S. H. Claughton,  
NOTARY PUBLIC AND REAL ESTATE  
AGENT. Office in the Post Office building,  
Albany, Oregon.

J. BARROWS, L. BLAIN, S. E. YOUNG,  
J. Barrows & Co.,  
GENERAL AND COMMISSION MER-  
chandise. Dealers in Staple Dry and Fancy  
Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Cutlery, Crockery,  
Boots and Shoes; Albany, Oregon.  
Commodities collected.

C. Mcaley & Co.,  
MANUFACTURERS OF AND DEALERS  
in all kinds of Furniture and Cabinet  
Ware. First street, Albany.

Albany Weekly Register  
JOB PRINTING  
OFFICE,  
First street, (opposite Parrish & Co.'s store.)

Albany : : : Oregon.

HAVING a very fine assortment of material  
we are prepared to execute, with neatness  
and dispatch, all kinds of

PLAIN AND FANCY  
JOB PRINTING  
such as  
Hand-bills,  
Programmes,  
Bill-heads,  
Cards,  
Ball Tickets,  
Pamphlets,  
Labels,  
Blanks

of all kinds,  
at low figures and a due regard to taste and good  
work will allow. When you wish anything in  
this printing line, call at the Register office.

### Description of a Man.

WRITTEN BY A WOMAN.

A man is like to—out stay,  
To what he's unlike who can say?  
And yet we cannot do without him!  
Love sits in his breast,  
Like a hen on her nest,  
And the chickens are scratching about him!

When he's pleased, I am squeezed;  
When he's no, I am teased.  
I can never tell where to find him.  
He's like an old horse,  
Worth little and cross,

And a woman is foolish—very foolish to mind  
If he chame but to smile,  
And look pleasant awhile,  
And come chattering around like a chicken,  
He's like a gay lark,  
But a false-hearted spark,  
Whose feathers are hardly worth picking!

But when he is vexed,  
Confused and perplexed,  
Discontented and vicious,  
He is like—hard to speak myself—  
Like a snake in the grass,  
He is seen, only then, like himself!

In short, to a wife,  
He is like a case knife,  
To cut up a cake or a chess,  
Like a man, when he's civil;  
But if not, like the devil,  
That will turn to whatever he please:  
To a hog, to a dog,  
To a hare, to a bear,  
Whose crazy fidelity to no man I  
Like a mouse, like a goose,  
Like a mule, like a fool;  
Like a man, like a case,  
Like a leaf, like—in brief,  
He is like everything else—but a woman.

### THE HYPOCHONDRIAC.

THE DOCTOR'S STRATEGY.

Mr. Lundy was a peculiar looking man,  
with a thin face and long, straight hair,  
that he fancied never needed cutting.  
He had at one time been very unfortu-  
nate in his business; but, though made  
rich since by a large legacy, he was not  
in a condition to enjoy it. The fact is,  
Mr. Lundy was a confirmed hypochon-  
driac.

For many years Mrs. L. had stayed at  
home and honored his whims, but on  
one occasion her pretty daughter wanted  
to go to a watering place, not for any  
disease in particular, but to see the world  
and the young folks in it.

Behold then, then, seated in a seaside  
hotel. For two days Mr. Lundy had  
been all right; but one morning his  
poor wife knew what was coming by the  
peculiarity of his looks and fancies.  
Her look fell from her hand; Minnie  
turned pale.

"He's been slightly all the morning,"  
said Mrs. L. "Fear, dear, see him whirl  
—what is it, Lundy?"

"A feather, my dear—a feather; catch  
me—hold me. Don't you see the wind  
is blowing me everywhere? It will take  
me out to sea, and I shall get saturated—  
yes, wet through, Mrs. Lundy. I beg  
you to catch me; pin me to your bonnet;  
I shall be safe there. Just see how  
frantically I rattle; the slightest puff of  
air agitates me throughout. I'd rather  
be anything than this; do put me in  
your bonnet, my dear."

"I'll put you in a madhouse before  
long," muttered the exasperated wife,  
"if you cut up capers. Come into the  
hotel, Mr. Lundy."

"Come into the hotel, madam! you  
talk as if I had legs. Did you ever see  
a feather walk? Why, I'm lighter than  
a snow drift; I wish I had a brick in my  
hat to keep me down. Oh! I envy  
everything stationary. Observe how I  
quiver; stick a pin in me, my dear, and  
fasten me to the floor. Is there enough  
of me for a pen? Am I a hen feather,  
or a duck feather, or what?"

"Goose feather if anything, you tire-  
some mortal," cried his wife. "I am  
sick of your vagaries. First, you are a  
cat on the roof, mowing and keeping  
everybody awake; then you are a glass  
bottle, full of water, freezing and snapping;  
you're anything and everything but a  
reasonable man. I'm tired of it."

"Mrs. Lundy, will you have the good-  
ness to put me into your pocket? squeeze  
me in your hand; anything that I may  
feel safe in your protecting care. I'm  
afloat—(singing)—I'm afloat, I'm afloat  
—ah! what's that?"

"Nothing, Mr. Lundy, but Joe's whip.  
I called him from the coach house, lay  
on, Joe."

"But, my love, my legs."  
"Nonsense, Mr. Lundy; lay on Joe.  
Feathers haven't got legs."

"True, Mrs. L., but they have nar-  
row, and that's what feels. Pray, beg  
Joe to stop."

Just then up ran little Tom, the only  
male hope of the Lundy family, and  
strange to say, in his hand a handsome  
hen feather. A triumphant smile illu-  
minated the face of Lundy the elder.

"Now, my dear," he said, gravely tak-  
ing the feather in his hand, "I hope  
you'll believe me. My child, look on  
that feather, and be thankful; that was  
me."

And little Tom, chuckling at the idea,  
ran up and down the piazza, repeating,  
merrily:  
"Pa was a hen once; dear me, how  
funny."

Minnie Lundy was captivated; there  
was no doubt about that. In pink, blue,  
white or green, she looked equally char-  
ming. There were rich men there who  
would have been glad to possess her, and  
nice men, and silly to that extent that  
they were fools and didn't know it. But  
it happened that a young physician was  
luckier than them all, and poorer. "I  
must have that girl," he said sotto voce a

dozen times a day, and then heartily  
wished that she had a fever. Probably  
he saw Minnie through the back of his  
head, for he was always looking out of  
the window when she came in, and always  
blushed violently.

One day Minnie followed her mother  
into the parlor. As usual, Dr. Stagg  
was there.

"My dear," cried Mrs. Lundy, who  
had just come from the garden, "you  
look excited."

"Oh, mamma!" and her voice was so  
sweetly low, so softly agitated, "we shall  
have to leave this place, indeed we shall!  
Father is taking on terribly; some of the  
boarders are laughing, others are shock-  
ed."

"What is the freak, my dear?"  
"Oh! he's a rooster, and crows till he's  
black in the face."

"A rooster! horrible! And here we  
are—not a doctor, we know—"  
Somebody wheeled round from the  
window.

"Madam, I heard you speaking of—  
the—ahem—need of a doctor. Excuse my  
forwardness, but I am a physician."

"Of course Minnie was more beautiful  
than ever in her confusion.

"My poor husband has an unfortunate  
tendency that annoys everybody near  
him."

"Perhaps he is a hypochondriac. I  
think I have seen him. Where is he,  
madam?"

"On the north porch," said Minnie.  
"And I am sure we are very much  
obliged," added the mother, "if you can  
only help him."

The first sound that struck their ears  
as they issued from the door, was a grand  
and sonorous cack-doodle-doo!

"John—Mr. Lundy," cried his wife;  
"what a sad spectacle you are making of  
yourself!"

"I'm not a spectacle, good woman;  
I'm a rooster. Get out of my way; do  
you not notice the expansion of my  
wings? Cack-doodle-doo!"

"What shall we do?" cried the poor  
wife, turning to the doctor. "Oh! sir,  
can you stop this ridiculous exhibition?"

"Trust me, madam," said the young  
man, biting his lips, for the sight was  
almost too ridiculous for his gravity.

"Upon my word," he continued, ad-  
dressing the deluded man, "what a mag-  
nificent creature? Why, his feathers are  
a yard long. Where did you get  
such a splendid specimen? Is he im-  
ported?"

"Cack a doodle-doo!" yelled the hu-  
man biped, strutting more than ever.

"That woman has nothing to do with  
me, sir; nothing at all. I'm a rooster  
on my own account—cack a doodle-doo!"

Here the doctor gave orders aside to  
one of the servants, who went away grin-  
ing. Then turning to the rooster, who  
was by this time red in the face with ex-  
citation, he said:

"I declare, it makes my mouth water  
to think what a capital dinner that bird  
could furnish. May I wring his neck,  
madam? It will take but a few seconds."

"No you don't," cried the other, "I'm  
tough, very tough, I'm an old bird, sir,  
not to be caught with chaff."

"But you are a rooster; what else are  
you good for?"

"Good to crow, sir; good to crow,"  
after which ensued the loudest screech  
of all, succeeded by a summersault, and a  
sensation of suffocation. Another mo-  
ment and the servant returned with a  
dead fowl in his arms.

"I assure you, sir, it had to be done,"  
said the doctor, gravely, and Mr. Lundy  
rubbed his face and pinched his throat.

"Did you really wring my neck, sir?"  
the hypochondriac asked, gravely.

"When you were a rooster, certainly."  
"Did I die game?" asked the other,  
with a manner of solemn importance.

"You did—particularly game," replied  
the doctor.

"Thank you, sir. If I should turn  
into a rooster again, I shall know where  
to go."

"I shall be most happy to wring your  
neck for you, sir, on any such interesting  
occasion."

"Very kind, I'm sure. If you should  
ever get into any trouble, John Lundy  
will stand your friend."

"Do you promise me that, sir?"  
"I do, and I never break my word."

After that Minnie walked into the  
garden sometimes; and Minnie was not  
alone—not she.

"I love violets best," said the doctor  
to her one day.

"And I, roses."

And Minnie, being the least bit senti-  
mental, quoted Pope on roses—something  
about dew; and the doctor went on  
Shakespeare, very bad indeed, till some-  
how in some way, he never could tell  
how, nor in what way (neither could she)  
he said it.

"See dictionary for 'it.'"  
"Indeed, I must not listen to this,"  
murmured Minnie, dying to hear it again.

"My father, if he knew—"  
"Would disapprove, perhaps," said the  
young doctor. "And why? Because I  
am poor. And you, too, perhaps—"

"No, no; I—I—you know—I—I love  
you—but—"

"Hark! Who calls?"  
Enter Tommy.

"Oh, sis! pa's took again, he's going  
it awful!"

"What is it now, dear?" asked Min-  
nie, with the face of an angel, but per-  
haps she was not a little cross at that in-

terruption.  
"Oh! he's a sofa, and ma says please  
somebody come and smash him all to  
bits."

"What shall we do?" sighed Minnie?  
"this is the most ridiculous freak of all."

"Don't be frightened, my love," said  
the doctor. "Tommy run right home  
and tell your mother I will be there in  
five minutes. Now, Minnie, there is but  
one way I know to cure your father at  
once, and that is by giving him a shock."

"What! of electricity?"  
"No, dear, far more powerful than  
that. You must go to the little brown  
house over there and be married."

"Oh! never! my father would kill  
me."

"Does he ever break his word?"  
"I never knew him to."

"All right. He promised me that if  
I should ever get into trouble he would  
help me out."

"Did he, really? Then he will?"  
"It is necessary that we give him  
the shock first. Delay not, my darling;  
you shall never regret it."

"Of course they went."  
"All I ask is that nobody'll sit on me;  
I'm cracked. Besides, I'm just van-  
ished, and not quite dry yet. Do, my  
dear, stand at this door and tell people as  
they come in that I cannot be sat on or  
in any way wedded with. I'm so firm-  
ly fastened together."

This was the speech that greeted Mr.  
Stagg as he entered Mr. Lundy's parlor  
with Minnie. Mrs. L. was in tears.

"Doctor, as soon as ever I get home  
I'll have that ridiculous man carried di-  
rectly to the hospital; indeed I will,"  
cried the poor woman. "I've borne it  
long enough, and I'm completely worn  
out."

"So am I, my dear," piped up her hus-  
band. "I expect I'm second hand,  
shouldn't wonder in the least, my legs  
feel so shaky. Pray don't touch me,  
but one roller gone, my dear?"

"Roller gone! your wits are gone. I  
wish I was a man. I'd vanish you in  
such a way that you'd never want to be  
a sofa again or any other piece of fur-  
niture."

The doctor stood near, gravely con-  
sidering.

"My dear you are better as you are,  
for I see in the last five minutes you have  
come out a beautiful washbowl and  
pitcher. But isn't your nose a little  
cracked, or do I see away? Shouldn't  
wonder for my head is full of brass  
tacks. I think I've sniffed them up my  
nose. It's worse than influenza."

"Was ever poor creature so afflicted?"  
murmured Mrs. Sofa.—I mean Lundy.

"Never, my love. I protest that I  
couldn't be anything else if I would—  
but a sofa I am, and a poor one at that."

At that moment the doctor sprang for-  
ward and planted himself upon the pros-  
trate body of Mr. Lundy.

"Capital sofa, this," he said, keeping  
his position in spite of his victim's strag-  
gles.

"Get up; I'm cracking in six places.  
Good heavens! you'll ruin me—you'll  
break my back! Get up, till I'm prop-  
erly mended, for pity's sake."

"Upon my word," said the doctor,  
calmly, "this piece of furniture acts as if  
it were alive. It kicks and wriggles and  
makes me laugh at its antics. What a  
ridiculous sofa!"

"I tell you I'm second-hand!" cried  
the hypochondriac more faintly than be-  
fore, for one hundred and thirty pounds  
dead weight, was no light infliction.

"I'm brass-tacked—old—very old—full  
of cracks—one roller gone. O! pray  
don't lean your weight on me."

The doctor lifted himself cautiously.  
The sofa gave one deep inspiration.  
The doc looked serious.

"Are you sure you are a sofa?"  
"Of course I am."

"Then you are no longer Mr. Lundy?"  
"I am no longer Mr. Lundy."

"Can you keep a secret?"  
"Certainly I can."

"Do you know old Lundy's daughter?"  
"I guess I do."

"Won't let on to the old fellow if I  
tell you something?"  
"Not if you say so."

"Well, I've just married her. She's  
my wife."

"Off went the sofa like a gun."  
"What you villain!" cried the doctor.

"Take care, you'll break!"

"You young rascal!"  
"You old sofa!"

"You desperate young thief!"  
"You rickety old sofa, with your head  
full of brass tacks, I tell you," cried the  
doctor. "If you had not been a feather,  
and a rooster, and a sofa, and the cats  
know what, you'd look after your daugh-  
ter better than you have. But come,  
let's be friends, and thank me for curing  
you. You'll never be a hypochondriac  
again—I'll take good care of that—for  
you see it's a nice thing to have a medi-  
cal adviser in the family. Besides, you  
promised me once that if I was in trouble  
you would help me through. Come,  
come, let's be quits."

"I see I can't help myself," said the  
old man, gravely; "but I tell you what,  
I shall consider you a thief until you are  
able to support your wife in the style she  
is accustomed to."

"And I, sir, shall consider you a sofa  
until you reverts that decision." It is  
needless to add that was the last of the  
trouble.

### The Peddler's Story.

I do not think I am naturally super-  
stitious; but I have all my life been  
troubled with a kind of superauricular  
sense. The sound, as of a human voice,  
comes to me and syllables words of mean-  
ing, when I know that no human being  
is near, and that the whole must be some  
kind of mental deception. I remember  
once, when quite a lad, living at home  
with my parents. I heard the words—  
"Pierre Boisant, prepare for sorrow!"

What followed? My father at that  
time was accounted a rich merchant.  
Three weeks after he was a bankrupt.  
If I had been the most imaginative per-  
son in the world, I could not have pre-  
saged this.

Three years after the same words were  
repeated. I was then alone, on the road  
to Troyes, engaged in the humble calling  
of peddler, to which my father's misfor-  
tunes had reduced me. I felt that some-  
thing serious was about to happen, and I  
took the first conveyance back to Paris.  
I hastened to my father, and found him  
dying, and my poor mother almost dis-  
tracted with grief. She was surprised to  
see me; but when I told her what  
brought me home, she said it must be  
the voice of the Lord. I did not agree  
with her in that respect, because I often  
heard that same voice saying trifling  
things.

Well, my father died, and my mother  
did not long survive him, and then I was  
alone in the world seeing nothing better  
before me I resumed the humble business  
of a peddler, and after two or three weeks  
spent in France, went to Sardinia and  
established a route for myself among the  
retired villages of the mountains.

I was now in a region wild enough  
to suit my romantic turn of mind, and  
perilous enough to keep me in a state of  
almost constant excitement. Some of  
the routes between one habitation and  
another were so long that one day's journey  
would not take me through and then I  
would be obliged to find my lodging  
among the caves, rocks or trees, as best  
I could. Some of the mountain passes  
were very dangerous, and a slip or mis-  
step might send one headlong down a  
thousand feet. And not least of all was  
the danger from robbers, who might be  
met where least expected.

For six years I carried on my traffic  
in that wild region, without any other  
misfortune than some serious fights and  
hair-breadth escapes. By this time I  
felt that, for a young man, I was pretty  
well off, and thought I would return to  
Paris and set up shopkeeping; when an  
event, or perhaps I should rather say  
tragedy, that happened about that time,  
fixed my resolution and hastened my de-  
parture.

I was going over a very wild and  
lonely pass of the mountains, the sun be-  
ing nearly set, when my familiar voice,  
which had never left me, said distinctly—  
"Pierre Boisant, beware!"

I was alarmed at this warning, be-  
cause I had never received a warning of  
the kind in vain. I looked up to the  
frowning rocks above me, and down into  
the awful gulf below, and then at the  
zigzag path I was pursuing, but saw no  
living thing, except a large black vulture  
winding its way from one mountain peak  
to another. I knew the voice was not  
human, and I felt that there was some  
impending danger, but what it was, or  
where or when to look for it, I could not  
tell. It was not impossible for me to  
remain where I was and to go back might  
be as dangerous as to go forward, and so  
I continued to advance, looking carefully  
at every step, and glancing nervously at  
the surroundings.

At length I reached a gloomier place,  
where I usually when on this route,  
turned down into the dark valley, to pass  
the night in a little cave, which I had  
discovered about a hundred yards from  
the path, and which was also concealed  
by a clump of bushes, and I believe it  
was known to no one except myself. I  
found myself instinctively, as it were,  
moving in that direction. A moment's  
reflection on the mysterious warning I  
had received convinced me this was the  
best thing I could do; for if these were  
danger, it was most likely from robbers,  
who were probably lying in wait for me  
on my regular well known route.

So I went on, slowly and cautiously, till  
I reached a point directly over the cave.  
Some bushes which had struggled up  
from the earth between the crevices af-  
forded me a place of concealment; and  
crawling into these, I disburdened myself  
of my pack, spread out my blanket, and  
proceeded, without attempting to light a  
fire, to eat the food I had provided for  
my supper. By the time I had finished  
my repast the sun had set, and the shades  
of night were coming on.

"Perhaps I am foolish in taking this  
precaution."

Scarcely had these thoughts passed  
through my mind than I fancied I heard  
voices speaking in low tones. The sounds  
seemed to come from below. I listened  
intently straining my hearing to the  
utmost, to catch the words, if words in-  
deed they were; for, after all, it might  
be the breeze playing among the rocks  
and trees.

For several minutes I continued to hear  
those sounds, but unable to make out  
what they were. They ceased, and all  
was silent. It now became dark; and  
though I crept to the edge of the rocks,  
and tried to peer down, it was like at-

tempting to look into some black gulf.  
My situation was lonely enough; but I  
experienced a secret satisfaction in being  
where I was and not down in the cave,  
where I rather felt than thought some  
persons were lying in wait for me.

At length that same low murmur, as  
of voices, was again heard, and again I  
listened, with my whole sense of hearing  
on the stretch. I soon became satisfied  
that words were spoken—but then came  
the thought that it might be the mys-  
terious voices I had heard at intervals all  
my life. However, I was not long kept  
in doubt, for presently I could distinguish  
the words, as if the speakers in the cave  
had come out into the open air.

"It is strange he does not make his  
appearance," said one voice.

"I do not know how to account for it,"  
replied another.

"Are you sure you saw him?" in-  
quired a third.

"I tell you he was within a mile of  
here, coming along with his pack. Here  
he usually passes the night, and why he  
is not here is more than I can conjecture."

"If he had gone past, we should have  
heard from the others before this," re-  
marked the first speaker.

"Undoubtedly," was the reply. "He  
must be somewhere on the mountain—  
unless he has fallen over the precipice,  
in which case we shall find all we want  
of him in the morning, and be saved the  
trouble of blood letting."